

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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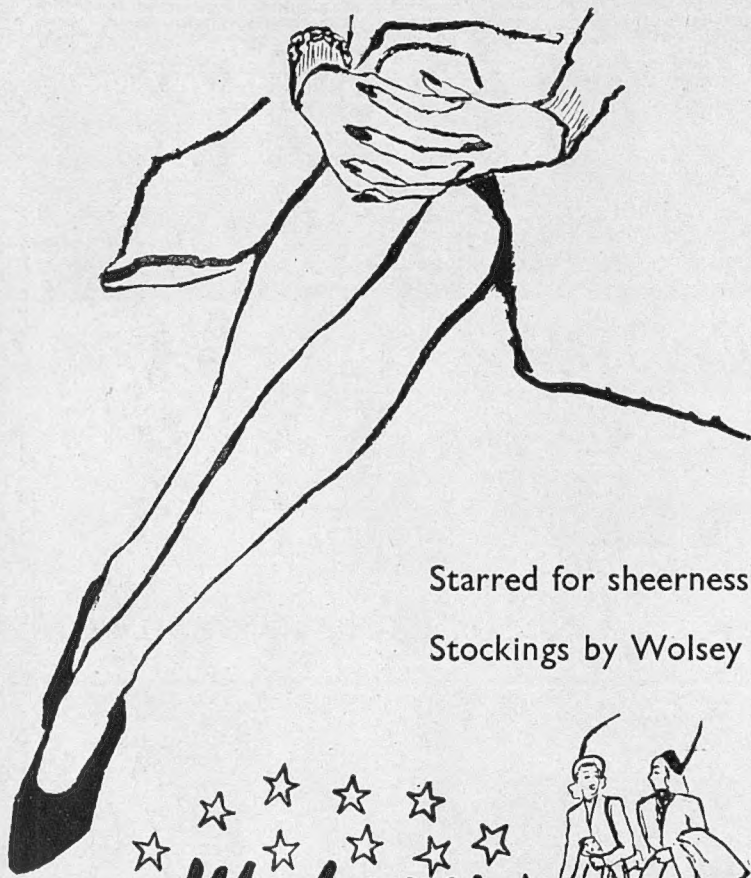


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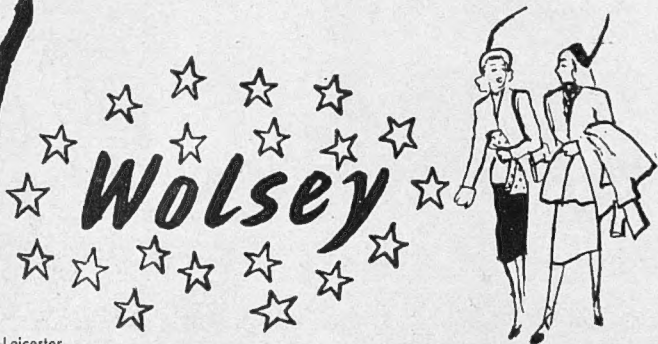
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and at Oakridge, Tennessee, scientists hard at work on better atom bombs.

Of course, you may argue that Audubon's extreme intelligence, his exquisite sensibility, rule out the possibility of his having been a Bourbon. I would be in no hurry to accept this argument as conclusive. While Louis XVII's father and mother were as near nitwits as makes no odds, his uncle, later Louis XVIII, was a man of vast intelligence after his fashion; and his great-grandfather, Louis XV, however exasperating and reprehensible, was certainly



no-fool. Indeed he was, if anything, too clever by half.

Audubon's paintings of American birds and flowers, reproduced in his great book, are, I suppose, the finest things of their kind in the world, next to the incomparable, but alas! remote bird-and-flower paintings which the Jesuit, Fra Castiglione, had executed in the previous century for the Chinese Emperor Ch'ien Lung. Bird-and-flower paintings are essentially a Chinese invention; I cannot help thinking that Audubon must either have seen at some time some of Castiglione's work—the Parisian collector Bertin is said to have possessed examples of it—or have seen something of the kind through the tough Boston merchants who traded American furs against Chinese tea. His art is unmistakably influenced by China. You feel when you see one of his paintings that you are present at the dawn of



the world—just such a sensation, if not quite so clear, as Castiglione's work used to give me years ago in the Forbidden City.

H'm

I WAS fascinated by the antics of a certain Duke, a fellow guest, at a party a few nights ago. From far off he sighted a Press photographer. Immediately he struck a debonair attitude. The photographer for one awful moment looked as if in no hurry to photograph the Duke. But that was soon corrected. "I know," the Duke shouted, "you've been trying to photograph me all the evening. Well, hurry up. Snappy about it there, or I'll break your camera!"



**Col. H. A. Hughes** of the Staff College, Quetta, India, who received the D.S.O. and M.B.E., with his wife and mother



**Col. L. C. East** of Worpleston, near Guildford, a recipient of the D.S.O., was accompanied by his wife and sister



**Air Commodore D. Jackson**, of Chester Row, S.W.1, with his wife and Mrs. Ken Jackson, after receiving the C.B. and C.B.E.



**Rear-Admiral Sir K. Creighton**, who received the K.B.E., with his wife and Acting Sub-Lieut. K. F. Creighton



**Mrs. Winston Churchill** after she had received the Insignia of the Dame Grand Cross of the Civil Division of the Order of the British Empire at a recent Investiture by the King held at Buckingham Palace. With her are her daughters, Mrs. Oliver (right) and Miss Mary Churchill. Lady Stafford Cripps also received the same honour

## Honoured at a Recent Investiture



Bridie Quilty (Deborah Kerr) meets Miller (Raymond Huntley),  
a Nazi agent, on the train to Dublin



Scenes from "I See a Dark Stranger" (Odeon, Leicester Square)  
Bridie with the British officer, David Baynes (Trevor Howard),  
who falls in love with her and changes her allegiance

## Two Disappointments

EVERY woman who reads this article is an exception to what it will lay down. It proposes to consider three kinds of wives—English, American, French—and in order that everything may be done with seemliness and propriety I shall give the subject the honours of a new paragraph.

The English wife may or may not care what her husband does; she nags at him whatever he does. That's all there is to be said about the English wife. The American wife cares less than nothing what stenographic pranks her husband gets up to so long as her cars are longer, her furs foxier, and her hats more obviously ridiculous than those of the woman next door. Provided, too, that she gets larger and uglier orchids at shorter intervals. As long as these things happen she doesn't nag, but the dazzling smile with which she excuses that headache and wanting-to-be-left-alone feeling makes the man feel a brute. That's all there is to be said about the American wife.

Now we come to the French sort. Here it must be said that Paris did not possess Helen, Antony Cleopatra or Pyramus Thisbe as completely as any French wife possesses her husband. Mrs. Micawber can't begin to compete. It is not only that the French husband cannot call his soul his own; he is no longer master of his body. He must eat when she feels hungry, drink when she feels thirsty, make love when she wants

to be made love to, share the same cigarette and the same glass. Is he worried because his new book is a flop or his play a failure? She tells him that that doesn't matter since he still has her! Is he bad tempered because his business isn't doing well? She tells her poppet that things will mend, and that in the meantime there is always their own waltz. And she puts on the gramophone the drivelling inanity to which they became engaged. Othello did not stifle Desdemona as successfully as your possessive French wife stifles her husband. There was a squawk left in the Venetian chit; there is none in your becoddled Frenchman.

THE wife in *Fièvres* (Curzon) is one of this sort, and to make matters worse her husband is a tenor. Now the wives of tenors should know, if they had the brains of gnats, that they are in the same position as the wives of prize-fighters, toradors, film stars and stage actors. They should realize that ninety-nine women out of a hundred fall for a man's physical rather than his intellectual graces. Now I don't know whether Sinatra is married or not. If he is, I suspect that Mrs. Sinatra, like Emma Hamilton, is an expert at swooning

in public, and goes off quicker than anybody else. I suspect that Mrs. Bing Crosby, if there is a Mrs. Bing Crosby, started her husband's career by taking headers from balconies on to carefully concealed mattresses. And that both these admirable helpmates still tot up the day's fan mail every evening and nag their husbands only when it is smaller than usual. It is the duty of a wife to a famous man to provide him with some platinum, fur-becluttered minx at whom he can make sheep's-eyes in public; this excites the other women and doubles his drawing power. In other words, the duty of every celebrity's wife is to "sell" him. If she doesn't she is not a helpmate but a hindermate.

But the silly little thing in *Fièvres* is of another kind. Discovering that her husband is being run after by a siren possessed of four gold mines and eleven castles she goes into a consumption and dies. Whereas if she had any sense she would see to it that the siren, who is a nymphomaniac, runs after her next catch minus one gold mine and at least two castles. In the end, which I didn't wait to see, the tenor goes into a monastery where he amuses himself for hours seated at the organ and effeminising Schubert's "Ave

James Agat

AT



Mr. and Mrs. George Philippi with their daughter.  
Mrs. Philippi is the sister of the late Countess of Lisburne



The Earl of Gainsborough dancing with Miss  
J. Attlee, daughter of the Prime Minister



Dance Given for Miss Georgina Philippi by  
Captain D. Gibbs and Lady Gloria  
Fisher were two others at the dance





A film of Nazi intrigue in Ireland and England

"It's the police! They've stopped the procession!" exclaims the Nazi, Steve (Norman Shelley), to his accomplice (Michael Howard)



Deborah Kerr in a dramatic ballroom scene with Garry Marsh as Captain Goodhusband

# THE PICTURES

Maria" in a manner which must have made Richard Tauber, who was present, feel sick. In fact I thought of offering him a glass of brandy and soda, but decided to take it myself. (How do I know how the film ends, since I didn't wait? Because that's the way the film begins.)

In my view this picture is entirely bogus. I do not believe that the opera of *Don Giovanni* winds up with a brigand thrumming a guitar and singing a serenade in a manner which would not be tolerated at the Savage Club even on Saturday nights. Nor do I believe that at the conclusion of the serenade the curtain comes down, the show is over, and everybody goes off to supper. I thought that the two women, Sologne and Delubac, gave brilliant performances, and that Rossi is a much better actor than he is a singer.

A *Night in Casablanca* (Gaumont and Marble Arch) is frankly a disappointment. I steel myself to say that this film has suffered from one of two things—either Groucho has not been given a free hand, or his wit has begun to fall off. Indeed, I am tempted to sit down here and now and begin a book with the title *Grandeur et Décadence de Groucho Marx*. There

is still the old impishness, that lascivious leer in which only the whites of the eyes are seen, that bland delight in enormity. There is even Tarquin's ravishing stride. But, alas, there is too little to be impish about or leer at, no dowager to be kicked in the stomach, and no Lucrece to rape.

Groucho, in this film, is like a singer who has nothing left but his style. And yet how good he might have been, and what chances he might have had as a hotel manager whose three predecessors have been bumped off! The late A. B. Walkley said that if Groucho had been a dramatic critic he would have blandly thrust his feet through the seat of his chair and with them written better criticism than Saint-Beuve. If Groucho had only been allowed to manage that hotel in his own way he would, I feel sure, have put his feet through his desk and with them given demonstrations of hotel management at which Ritz would have boggled and Carlton gaped.

The film begins well enough with Harpo leaning up against a building. "What do you think you're doing?" asks a cop. "Holding that building up?" "Yes," says Harpo, and moves away. Whereupon the building falls down. And Chico is always deft and

amusing. What I principally miss is that lambent idiocy, that child-like, almost Raphaelesque quality of logic which used to distinguish the old films. As when it was conclusively proved that somebody the trio was looking for must be in the house next door. "But there isn't a house next door," one of them objected. "Then we must build one!" said Groucho triumphantly.

AND then whoever made this film made a first-class mistake in allowing Sig Rumann to have any share in it. I have for years admired this actor, the greatest master of controlled exasperation that I have ever seen. "Can anybody wonder, like him?" asked Lamb of Munden. And I ask, "Can anybody bottle wrath like Rumann, and with such extraordinary comic effect?" He has a scene with Harpo and Chico, and behold, the two more celebrated clowns disappear. And now for one last complaint. I hate to make this, since I am under many obligations to a charming management for many favours. But a critic must do his job. Why didn't the management realize that it was doing the new film the greatest possible disservice to preface it with another in exactly the same kind, an interminable inanity in which there were three Stooges doing without any talent whatever what was presently to be accomplished by the Brothers.

The new M-G-M film at the Empire is entitled *Courage of Lassie*. I'm afraid courage of Jimmie wasn't up to it.



Mother and Grandmother, Mme de Bittencourt

Miss Rose, Col. A. Matthews and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage during an interval



Miss Violet de Trafford, daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Mr. Naylor-Leyland



Lord and Lady Vaughan with Mr. Patrick Melhuish and Miss Carmen Rodriguez

Swaebe

# The Theatre

"Better Late" (Garrick)

MISS BEATRICE LILLIE is, we know, a show in herself, and during the first half of this revue that is just as well for all concerned. But for her presence and the final burlesque the audience might use the interval to melt away murmuring as they went, "Better Never!" It is really a long time since so much comic talent was used to so little purpose. The author has certainly a sense of what is needed, but, as his ideas work out, they are until the second half simply unfunny.

What better as an opening piece than that Miss Joan Swinstead should gruffly particularize ways in which playgoers can make a pest of themselves to their neighbours? Yet so trite are the instances which she cites that her gruffness loses, for once, its agreeable tang and it all seems like gratuitous fault-finding. It is a pleasant notion that Mr. George Benson, wearing Edward Lear's beard, the one that "resembled a wig," and a runcible hat, should exalt nonsense against a backcloth displaying the Golden Grouse,

"And the Pobble who has no toes,  
And the small Olympian bear,  
And the Dong with a luminous nose,"  
the blue baboon with his flute, the attery squash, the bisky bat and the rest. But the song is all beard and hat and backcloth and seems to embarrass the usually resourceful singer.

THEN it must be accounted a happy thought that Mr. Walter Crisham, the natural apostle of diabolism, should appear as an innocent shepherdess of sheep. The thought is at once buried deep in a lava flow of puns so atrocious that his affectation of impatience with them seems only to increase their inanity. And in the sentimental apacherie to which Mr. Crisham is later condemned ("he was her man: so she shot him!") it is left to the décor of Mr. Rolf Gerrard to score the solitary point.

Upon all this stuff and nonsense Miss Lillie's satire falls like drops of oil on to a damp bonfire. With three words she draws the

smouldering mass into a spurt of clear flame. She has been asked to sing the "Waltz Song" from *Tom Jones*—"and I will." And she does. That is all, and the revue comes momentarily to life. It is alive again while, as a German cook, bejewelled and manicured and befurred, she dictates harsh terms to the harassed English housewife, and again while she blows up an immense bubble of sentiment in honour of a lover's enforced exile and—with a slight sideways puff—smashes it upon his moonish face.

Things smoulder on until, just before the interval, we are suddenly made to realize that the producer is none other than Mr. Norman Marshall. He announces himself in a scene which makes preposterous pretence that the nineteen-twenties are no less nostalgic than the nineteen-tens, a delicious burlesque.

THEREAFTER all is well. Miss Lillie seems no longer to be satirizing the show but is taking her subjects from life, perhaps hating the spring, or realizing, after only a couple of brandies, Maud, that we are rotten at the core, Maud, or glancing at rival shows, taking the glitter out of Lady Windermere's fan or, simply but sufficiently, "at the piano." Not only she but her colleagues also come by more suitable material. Mr. Crisham makes good use of his break in a shrewdly sentimental G.I. soliloquy—"Give my love to London."

Mr. Benson gets genuine fun out of the plight of present-day husbands, no longer let off with the job of holding an occasional glass under the tap, but actually expected to clean the porridge saucepan in places where a mere scratcher is useless and a scratcher is necessary. Miss Swinstead is still rather hardly done by, but she succeeds in putting her soul into "Requirements," and Miss Prudence Hyman has a stylishly sentimental dance. Still, the show is largely Miss B. Lillie, with some expert assistance from Mr. N. Marshall.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Beatrice Lillie in her sketch  
"Lady Windermere's Fan"



Beatrice Lillie as a psychic  
dresser to a theatre star

Sketches by  
Tom Tilt



Walter Crisham and Prudence Hyman in their dance  
number "Where Do We Dream From Here?"



## Once Over, Lightly

SOME THOUGHTS ON  
JUVENILES

AN opinion emphatically voiced in green-rooms is that any playwright who puts a dog or a child into a play is a saboteur of the morale of actors and actresses.

If it be a dog, the players know that its every appearance will rob them of all the attention of the cooing audience. Each night they will wonder if *this* is to be the performance (there is always one) that is ruined by extemporaneous canine capers. If it be a child, they expect the same kind of scene-stealing, and also, in the wings, nightly displays of precocious temperament and maternal vanity. Children? they say. If we may choose, let us please have laryngitis!

The theatrical world has, therefore, watched with special and perhaps slightly sadistic interest the progress of *The Winslow Boy*, at the Lyric Theatre. For that excellent play, by that senior craftsman Terence Rattigan, has in the name part a boy of fourteen, Michael Newell.

When it was first put on in the West End, the critics declared that it provided the greatest chance for a boy actor since *Young Woodley*. Some of them (for even dramatic critics can love children) held that the chance had been grandly seized, and that young Michael Newell, an attractive, fresh-faced youngster who had appeared in only one other play (*The Happy Journey*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith), was certain of fame, fortune, and a theatre of his own one day. The cynics smiled, as cynics offensively will. "Wait!" they said. "Have a look at the play in seven or eight weeks' time. See the boy then—and the other players—and revise your earlier judgments."

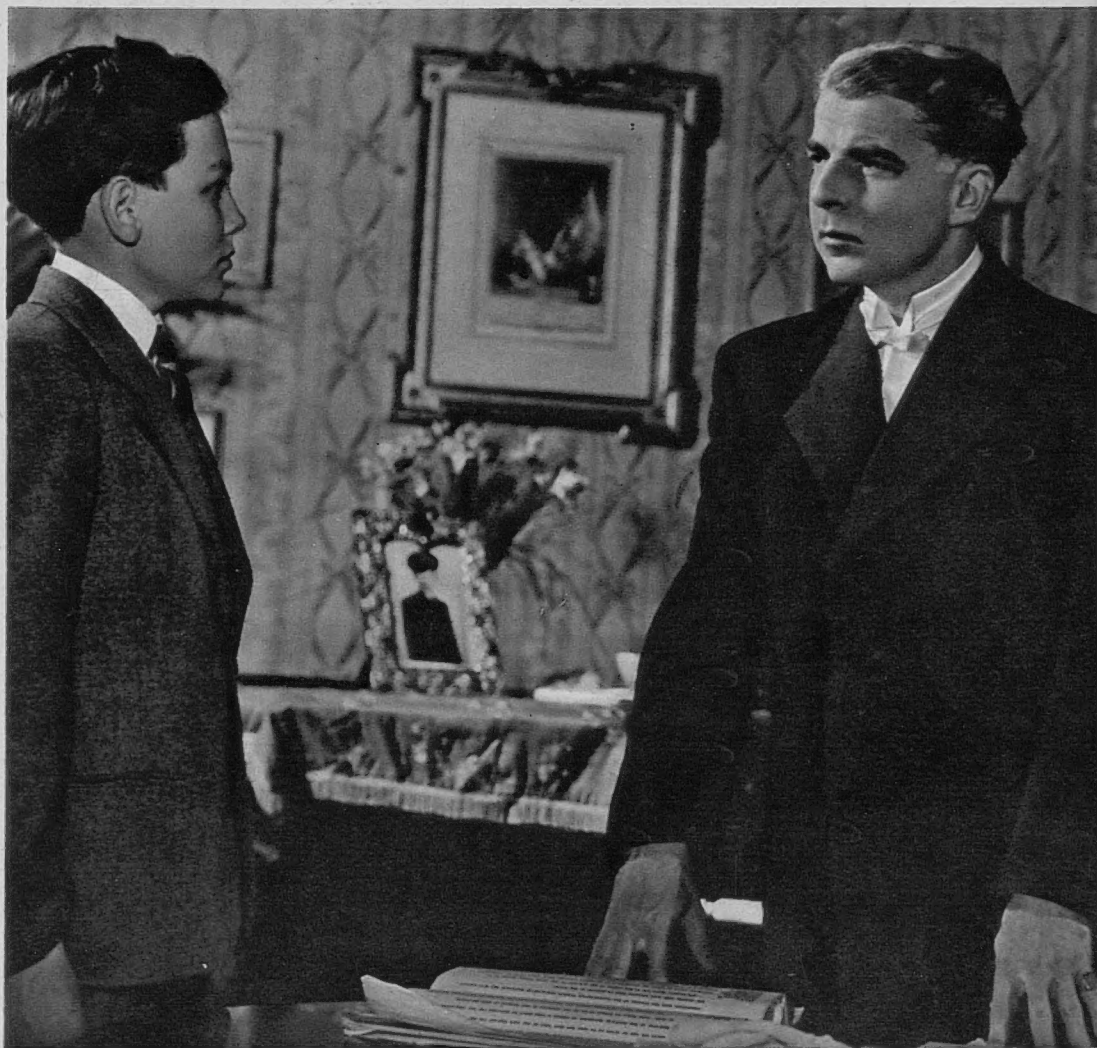
## Cynics Were Wrong

FOR once, however, it is they who must eat their words (which, at least, may fill a corner left by the disappearance of bread from their tables at the Ivy). A visit to the Lyric to-day demonstrates that the play remains a success, the players remain happy, and the boy continues to be skilful on the stage and modest off it. He has proved himself to be the best boy actor the West End has seen for years—not that it has seen very many—and if he keeps his head unswollen and his fingers crossed, he has, as those critics forecast, a notable opportunity of developing into an adult star. Few other promising starters have stayed that course. There was Master Frank Lawton, Master Noel Coward and Master Robert Andrews, but who else?

The father of the Winslow Boy must eat a few words, too; for he had always opposed the idea of a stage career for his youngest child. An employee of the London Electric Supply Corporation, he lives in Blackheath, where (one suspects) he has often been a little oppressed by the enthusiastic theatrical gossip of his relations, several of whom have been on the stage. Nevertheless, they talked him into letting young Michael (who goes to the City of London School, where he is not much good at maths.) attend Marion Ross's dramatic classes; and to-day Newell *père* has to admit, over his newspaper, that perhaps they were right, after all.

Now, Rattigan's play was inspired by the Archer-Shee case, which all Britain discussed in the years before the Kaiser's war. A young cadet at Osborne is accused of stealing five shillings, and for two years—or two acts, should one say?—his father fights to prove his innocence. The great scene is a fierce cross-examination of the lad by a dragon of a barrister, and in rehearsals, at first, Michael

## "THE WINSLOW BOY"



Alexander Bender

Michael Newell as Ronnie and Emlyn Williams as Sir Robert Morton, the K.C. who, after giving him a searching cross-examination, accepts the brief for his defence

Newell found difficulty in standing up to the cold glare and stabbing forefinger of Emlyn Williams. It was all too real for him. He began to think he *had* stolen five shillings. He broke down.

"That's fine!" said the cast, not too hopeful until then. "That shows he can feel. He is not just a smart parrot, like most children on the stage." And they began to work hard to help him.

## Dangerous Corner

THE next phase came after the first night. The lad stopped talking about games and how to make patterns out of seashells, and began to discuss the finer points of acting, and even to mention "my public."

"Now for trouble!" said the cast. "It's going to his head. If only he had never learned to read! Then he would never have seen those flattering notices."

But, fortunately, Emlyn Williams has boys of his own. He knows the breed and its peculiarities. A little firmness, a little ignoring of precocity, and Michael was once more the modest, well-mannered learner; again eager to talk about stamp-collecting in his dressing-room with his young understudy and their governess. Every night, they say, his performance becomes a little surer, a little smoother, a little more delicate. And by "they" is meant Emlyn Williams, Frank Cellier, Madge Compton, Angela Baddeley, and the rest of the gifted cast. They are players hard to fool.

There is, indeed, only one worry for the management as it counts all the money it is making for the Exchequer. Michael Newell is fourteen years old, and at that age boys' voices are usually beginning to break. Supposing this inevitable development starts now, and Michael's clear voice (he sings with the Chapel Royal choir) begins to squeak and boom and generally to behave like the atmospherics of a Transatlantic broadcast on a day of electric storms?

It is an old problem with boy actors—and another reason for the prejudice we mentioned at the beginning of this article. There have been cases where boys playing ten-year-old parts (who must always be twelve, at least) have suddenly begun to talk in croaking baritone. In *Watch On the Rhine*, when three children were playing such parts, there was always a possibility that tripartite tromboning, so to speak, might cause a panic search for substitutes. Fortunately, in *The Winslow Boy* Michael Newell is playing a boy of his own age; indeed, in the second act, of an age rather greater than his own. If his voice breaks, it will at least be in character. All that matters is, will it carry as well as it does now?

## If Michael Rests . . .

It is not a major worry. It is not to be compared with the troubles there might have been with a different lad. And even if Michael had to rest for a while—he has already laid good foundations for a successful career.



# THE ROYAL FAMILY GOES TO SCOTLAND

## A Crowded Week at Edinburgh



The Silver Jubilee Parade of the British Legion (Scotland) was one of the most impressive spectacles seen in Edinburgh for many years. The parade was held in the King's Park and 10,000 Legionaries marched before Their Majesties and 100,000 spectators. Major-Gen. Sir James Syme Drewe, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., chairman of the Scottish Branch, is shown presenting a Highland dagger to the King during the afternoon's proceedings

SCOTLAND'S own "little season"—the week of Their Majesties' stay in Edinburgh, where they were in residence with the two Princesses at Holyroodhouse—went with a real swing (writes Jennifer) from the moment when the Royal visitors arrived by car in Princes Street for the open-air knighting of the Lord Provost, Sir John Falconer, to the evening of their departure for London in the Royal train.

It was a week crowded with social entertainments and engagements, at most of which there was a nearer return to the atmosphere of pre-war parties than has been seen at similar functions in London. There were, for instance, more top-hats and tail-coats to be seen at the afternoon garden-party at Holyrood than could be counted at any three London functions put together, and the Scottish insistence on elegance, long a characteristic of the capital, was further emphasised at the Victory Ball which Princess Elizabeth attended one evening, at which Highland dress, hunt coats, uniform, or at least evening dress, were *de rigueur*. The proceeds were in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, and the arrangements were made by the Hon. David Balfour and his friends on the Ball Committee.

MANY well-known figures in Scottish society were among the dancers. I saw the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, with their daughter, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Countess of Minto (with whom the Princess had dined before coming on to the dance), the Earl of Airlie (who, like the Duke of Montrose, was in Highland dress), the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, Lady Willa Elliot, Miss Diana Falconer (daughter of the Lord Provost), Lady Mary Herbert and Mr. Lyon Balfour Paul. The French Ambassador and Mme. de Massigli were also present.

Since this was a Scottish dance, naturally reels and country dances were included in the programme, and the Princess danced every one of them, starting with the old-time "Scottish Reform," with real gaiety and zest, frequently putting less-expert partners to rights. Her Royal Highness is catholic in her dancing tastes, and she asked for the un-Scottish "Hokey-Cokey," deriving great amusement from showing the steps to somewhat baffled young Scotsmen. So much did the Princess enjoy herself that she remained on the dance-floor until the ball finished at 4 a.m., though her original intention had been to leave by two o'clock.

AT Holyroodhouse, though there were no big-scale entertainments apart from the garden-party, Their Majesties had a few friends in to dinner each evening, including Lord Elphinstone, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Neil Ritchie, G.O.C. Scottish Command, the Lord Provost and Miss Diana Falconer, and the Duke of Hamilton, who is Hereditary Keeper of the Palace. A theatre visit, community singing and a pipe-and-dancing display in the Palace courtyard, an afternoon at Musselburgh races, and the biggest open-air occasion which Scotland has known for a generation, the Silver Jubilee Parade of the British Legion at King's Park, were other highlights of a very successful visit, which everyone in Scotland is hoping will be the forerunner of a series of yearly residences by the King and Queen at Holyrood.

Their Majesties took a large number of their entourage with them to the north: Sir Alan Lascelles, Private Secretary to the King; Countess Spencer, Lady Mary Herbert, Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household; Major Edward Forde, Assistant Private Secretary to the King; W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, Equerry, and Major Arthur Penn, Treasurer to the Queen, travelled with the Royal party. Princess Elizabeth took none of her own Ladies-in-Waiting, but was attended by Lady Mary Herbert when she went out alone.





Rodrigo Moynihan at work in his studio. His "Still Life With a Skull" was bought by the Tate Gallery



With one of his latest portraits, a study of Miss Rose Pitman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Pitman



Brodrick Haldane

On the steps of his new home in Chelsea, with his wife, formerly Elinor Bellingham-Smith, and their son John, who goes to school in the country

## RODRIGO MOYNIHAN, A.R.A.—OF THE SELECTION COMMITTEE

SOME years ago an advanced and gifted group of young artists had their headquarters over a fun-fair near Euston Station. Of these a prominent member was Rodrigo Moynihan, who has recently been commissioned by the Queen to paint a portrait of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth. Moynihan, who was born in the Canary Islands thirty-five years ago, held his

first exhibition in London at the age of twenty-two. Since then he has become an Associate of the Royal Academy, and his "Still Life With a Skull" has been bought under the Chantrey Bequest for the Tate Gallery. This year he had the distinction of being the youngest member on the Selection Committee of the Academy.

As a boy Moynihan, whose mother is Spanish,

spent some years in Italy and America, and went to a school at Madison, New Jersey. During the war he was in the Army and later worked as an official war artist. His wife is also a talented artist, who paints under her maiden name of Elinor Bellingham-Smith. They have a thirteen-year-old son, John, and have lately settled into a new home in Chelsea.



Mr. Harriman, the American Ambassador, greeting M. Wellington Koo, now Chinese Ambassador to America, and Mme. Wellington Koo



Mr. Averell Harriman's Independence Day Reception at

Among the many charming fashions at the reception was this blonde straw hat with pink flowers and green veil worn by Mrs. Merrill Mueller

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

### THE COURT RETURNS

THE return of the Court from Holyroodhouse meant no slackening of the pressure of engagements in the Royal diaries. Only an hour or two after leaving the train in which they had made an all-night journey from Edinburgh, both the King and Queen had engagements at Buckingham Palace, where His Majesty received, among other important personages, the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who came for formal audience on his appointment to the Empire's leading military post.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, who had much to say to His Majesty about the Paris conference, his own cancelled plans for an Australian visit, the problems of Palestine, and many other matters of vital import, was another early arrival after the Court's return, and that same evening the King and Queen paid their annual visit to the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition, where they were joined by that great Royal patron of the arts, Queen Mary. All members of the Royal Households are privileged to attend on these occasions, even if they are not in personal waiting, and there was quite a large gathering of members of the Royal entourage in the galleries, where the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Alfred Munnings, and the Secretary, Sir Walter Lamb, conducted Their Majesties round the exhibits.

Next day, while the Queen was taking the salute at a passing-out parade at the Royal Military College, the King had three of his Ministers to luncheon at the Palace, and heard from Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Mr. A. V. Alexander and Sir Stafford Cripps a first-hand account of their difficult negotiations in India, which may result in an alteration in His Majesty's style and title, by the renunciation of the title "Emperor of India."

To close a very busy week, Princess Elizabeth and her sister spent Saturday at Henley Royal Regatta, where they were given a wonderful welcome. The banks of Phyllis Court, once more

restored to its former glory, were crowded. Many people gave parties; amongst them Sir William and Lady Alexander, Sir Gilbert and Lady Elliot, Sir Adam Maitland, who entertained the Brazilian Ambassador, and Cdr. R. H. Glen, the chairman of the Club.

### AMBASSADOR'S PARTY

MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN, the American Ambassador, gave his first big reception since his appointment to the Court of St. James's, to celebrate Independence Day, at the Embassy residence in Princes Gate. This was a wonderful party of over two thousand guests, who streamed in continuously from 3 to 7 p.m.

This magnificent house, the scene of many good parties in years gone by, has been closed for the past six years. The new Ambassador only took up his residence there five days before the reception. He is hoping to be joined there shortly by Mrs. Harriman, who, I hear, is expected over here from the United States at the end of July. Mr. Harriman received his guests in the fine panelled reception room on the ground floor looking out over the paved terrace which leads to a very pleasant garden. The house was filled with the most wonderful flowers, huge bowls of delphiniums, peonies, gladioli, giant stocks, and other beautiful flowers, superbly arranged, were everywhere.

Upstairs in the ballroom many couples were dancing. Delicious refreshments were served on the terrace and in a marquee in the garden, where I found many of the guests sitting enjoying strawberries and ice-cream. The Ambassador had the very able assistance of many members of his Embassy staff in entertaining his guests, and they were indefatigable in their efforts to see that everyone was looked after and enjoying the party.

### SOME OF THE GUESTS

MANY members of the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of the Dominions and Colonies came along during the afternoon. M. and Mme. Wellington Koo were greeting

many friends, who were bidding farewell to M. Wellington Koo, as a few hours after the party he flew to America to take up his new appointment as Chinese Ambassador in Washington. Mme. Wellington Koo is to join him later. M. Massigli I met on the terrace with his charming wife. Mr. Gallman, Minister at the U.S. Embassy, was escorting Mme. Gusev through the house when I met her, and just behind were the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill with Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, who lived for many months in this house when her father was the American Ambassador here. Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, in naval uniform, was talking to General Spaatz, Commander of the U.S. Army Air Force. Mrs. Hewitt was there with her daughter Mary, and telling friends that her husband, Admiral Hewitt, was unable to be present as he was in Denmark on an official visit.

Members of Parliament I saw at the party were Mr. Attlee with his wife and a daughter, Mr. Noel Baker, Mr. Herbert Morrison, and Mr. A. V. Alexander, who was making his first public appearance since his return from India. Others I noticed in this very big gathering were Lord and Lady Catto, Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George, Lady Bingham (who is an American by birth), Miss Bapsy Pavry, Lord Portal of Hungerford, Lord Woolton, Miss Hedda Hopper (who had just arrived from America and was wearing one of her very distinctive hats), Lady Forbes, General Clayton Bissil, the U.S. Military Attaché, Mr. and Mrs. Hare, Major and Mrs. Jameson, and Major Dodds, who had come up from Camberley, where Major Jameson and Major Dodds are two of the U.S. officers on a course at our Staff College.

### MUSSELBURGH RACES

NOT for many a long year had such an immense crowd descended upon Musselburgh as that which gathered for the races. The local inhabitants were very much en fête for the occasion, and Scots, never very ardent racegoers at the best of times, seemed more





### American Embassy

*Señorita Marguerita Jaimenez-O'Farrell, niece of the Mexican Ambassador, wore an attractive feathered hat*

*The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee talking to Mr. Gallman, a leading official of the American Embassy*

interested in talking to their friends than studying form.

The Royal party arrived from Holyrood just in time to see Lord Ellesmere's horse, Whitehall, win the third race. It was a day of "doubles," with Yorkshire stables sharing the six events.

The King and Queen, and both the Princesses—piloted by Lord Rosebery—came down the incredibly steep wooden stairway from the Royal Box to the paddock several times during the afternoon. Her Majesty stopped to speak to a number of friends on her way to the parade ring, among them Lord and Lady Elphinstone, whose younger daughter, Elizabeth, was busily comparing race-cards with Princess Margaret, who was obviously very interested in this her first race meeting.

Lady Rosebery I saw talking to Lord Hamilton of Dalzell and the Duke of Roxburghe, whose Duchess was very elegant in navy blue. Young Lady Ellesmere was there too, so were Lord and Lady Tweeddale, who had come over from Yester House. Lady Tweeddale's daughter, Miss Rosemary Nettlefold, was with her step-sister, Lady Frances Hay, while another family party consisted of Mrs. Maclean of Ardgour (Lord Inverclyde's sister); her two married daughters, Mrs. Charles Alington, who is now living in the Scottish capital, and Mrs. Ian Douglas (a recent bride) and her husband.

### THE BALLET THEATRE

THE Ballet Theatre of New York were given a great ovation on their opening night at Covent Garden. This was certainly deserved applause, as they gave a beautiful performance. The programme started with that old favourite *Les Sylphides*, followed by *Fancy Free*, portraying three U.S. sailors on shore leave on a summer's night in New York, with a background of skyscrapers—a gay and amusing novelty which caused great merriment in the audience. This was followed by *The Black Swan*, danced superbly by Nora Kaye and Andre Eglevsky. *Bluebeard*, a ballet by Fokine, with music by Offenbach, was chosen as the finale.

The house was packed, and among the audience I saw Sir John and Lady Anderson in a box, as were Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark. Two days before the opening I went to a cocktail-party that was given in honour of this Ballet Company, and here I met many members of the ballet, including Alicia Alonso, Nora Kaye, Barbara Fallis, Andre Eglevsky, John Kriza, Michael Kidd and Jerome Robins, who was responsible for the choreography of *Fancy Free*, as well as dancing in it himself.

Among those who came to meet the dancers were Mr. Cecil Beaton, Baroness Ravensdale,

who had come in evening dress on her way to dine, Lord Courtauld-Thomson, and Admiral Spencer Lewis, of the U.S. Navy. Lord Tweedsmuir was there for a short while and told me how much he was looking forward to a holiday in Scotland this summer (official duties permitting), when he hopes to get some fishing, a sport he is very fond of. Among others there were the American Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Hector McNeill, Lord Reay, Prince George Galitzine, Lord and Lady Iliffe, Mr. Oliver Messel, Viscount Strathallan and Mr. Paul Warburg.

### JOINT HOSTESSES

MRS. THOMAS HUTCHISON and her daughter Virginia were joint hostesses for a very amusing cocktail-party recently. Not only were there excellent iced drinks on a hot day when all the young girls wore gay printed dresses, but there was also a small Hawaiian band.

Mrs. Hutchison, who has only recently returned from Switzerland, where she was so desperately ill (she still has to take things very quietly), looked charming in black, and her attractive daughter, Virginia, wore a pretty light-blue dress with a fine black print. Several mothers brought their daughters. I met Lady Mary Crichton with her daughter Anne, both up from Windsor; Lady Claud Hamilton with her daughter Pamela Newall, who was telling friends about her wedding, as was Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, another July bride at the party. Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme were chatting to the Swiss Minister and Mme. Ruegger; Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece I saw chatting to Mr. Tom Hutchison, who helped his wife and daughter to entertain their guests. Effie Lady Selsdon arrived rather late and was soon deep in conversation with Lady Shakespeare. Also there I saw the Marquess of Headfort and Colonel and Mrs. Howard Kerr, while among the younger generation I noticed Captain Andrew Angus, Prince Michael Obolensky, Miss Georgina Phillipi, Viscount Garnock, the Earl of Lindsay's son and heir, Miss Anne Maude, Miss Pallas Blair-Drummond, Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland, Lord John Kerr, Miss Jane Luxmore, Miss Joan Williams-Wynn, whose sister, Bronwen, has recently announced her engagement to Capt. Michael Llewellyn, and the Earl of Cathcart, who was married last week at the Brompton Oratory to Miss Rosemary Smyth-Osbourne.

Other young men at the party were Mr. Patrick Filmer-Sankey, the Duke of Westminster's tall grandson, who has inherited the Grosvenor good looks and is very like his mother, Lady Ursula Vernon; Mr. Julian Tennant, Mr. Robert Grinston and Mr. Colin Pelham-Burn.

## Marriage of Lady Katherine Sackville

The Wedding Took Place Recently at St. Michael's Church, Withyham, Sussex, of Lady Katherine Pamela Sackville and Mr. Frank Thomas Robertson Giles



*Lady Sackville, who is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess De La Warr, of Fisher's Gate, Withyham, with her husband, only son of the late Col. F. L. N. Giles, D.S.O., O.B.E., and of Mrs. Giles, of Barn Close, Finchampstead, Berks*



*The bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Giles, the Countess of Erroll, Miss Mollie Abel Smith and the Hon. Ardene Knollys. Charles Hornby was the page*



*Mr. Douglas Goolden (left), who was best man, with Mrs. Giles and the Earl and Countess De La Warr*



*The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and Miss Wendy Shakespeare. The Duchess wore an heirloom diamond necklace which belonged to Marie Antoinette*



*Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill and Miss Patricia Mountbatten, daughter of Lord and Lady Mountbatten*



*The Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman and the Earl of Rosebery*



*Lady Throckmorton and the Maharajah of Jaipur at the buffet*



*Lord Beaverbrook and the Countess of Rosebery were also there*

## THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S PARTY

ARRIVING at Sutton Place, the Surrey home of the Duke of Sutherland, for the dance the Duchess of Sutherland gave for her daughter, Miss Wendy Shakespeare, was like driving into fairyland. This lovely mansion, built by Sir Richard Weston between 1523 and 1525, was floodlit for the occasion, showing up the fine Gothic outline to perfection.

The Duke and Duchess stood in the Great Hall to receive their guests, with Miss Wendy Shakespeare beside them. Upstairs in the Long Gallery several hundred guests were dancing. It seemed that all the women had chosen their prettiest dresses for the dance. The Duke and Duchess also had a dinner-party, guests including Admiral Lord Louis and Lady Louis Mountbatten and their daughter Patricia, the Duke of Marlborough and his daughter Caroline, the Marquess of Camden, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Earl of Carnarvon and his son, Lord Porchester; Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, Mrs. Sarah Oliver, Major

and the Hon. Mrs. Norman, Major and Mrs. Emmanuel and Mr. Roger Wethered.

Others who brought parties were Lady Melchett; the Earl and Countess of Dudley, the latter in white and magnificent pearls; the Duchess of Westminster, wearing a fine diamond necklace; the Earl and Countess of Portarlington; Sir d'Avigdor and Lady Goldsmid, whose party included the Marquess of Tavistock and Lady Bridget Poulett; Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton, Sir Dennistoun and Lady Burney, Lord and Lady Cowdray, Lady Dorothea Head and Lady Clifford.

Lord Blandford, who had come on from another dance in London, was partnering pretty Miss Angela Jackson; Mrs. Charles Sweeny was dancing with Mr. Kenneth Wagg; Mme. Bianchi, wife of the Chilean Ambassador, was dancing with Mr. Cabot Coville, of the U.S. Embassy; the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton were dancing together, the latter wearing a necklace of huge sapphires surrounded by diamonds;

the Hon. Geoffrey Russel was dancing with his fiancée, Miss Susan Winn.

THERE was a delicious buffet supper downstairs, where I saw, among others, Baroness Ravensdale, Mme. Massigli, Mrs. Peggy Dunne, Mr. Loel and Lady Isobel Guinness, Dorothy Lady Beatty, the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill, Marianne Davies with Henry Forsythe, Lady Ursula Marecco, the Marchioness of Queensberry, the Countess of Durham, Lady Joan Hope and her brother, the Earl of Hopetoun, the Earl and Countess of Kimberley, Mrs. Vivien Stanley Clarke, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, H.E. Monsieur Bianchi, Lord Tarbat, the Earl of Rosslyn, Sir John and Lady Milbanke, Lord Grantley, the Hon. Caroline Cust, Lady Brecknock, Lady Rothermere, Lord Morris, Mrs. Mendoza, Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, her sisters-in-law the Ladies Anne and Elizabeth Cavendish, and the Hon. Michael Berry.

*Janifer*





*The Fine Gothic Front of Sutton Place as it Appeared Under the Floodlights*

*The sixteenth-century Sutton Place, of red brick and terra-cotta, was floodlit for the party. It is the only house of its period that was built without defences. Inside there are magnificent tapestries and panelling and masterpieces by Romney, Hoppner and Lawrence, all perfectly lit, and there is still some of the original glass in the Great Hall. The Duchess and her sister had arranged the flowers. Bowls of syringa, delphiniums and lilies were everywhere, and some of the pillars downstairs were covered with flame-coloured polyanthus roses. Guests strolling in the garden between dances were enchanted by the surroundings of the swimming-pool, where the floodlights enhanced the beauty of the madonna lilies and delphiniums against the wall at one end, and by the scent of lilies and cherry-pie bordering one small path beside it*



*From the Walls of the Great Hall the Pictures Looked Down*

*Photographs by Swaabe*

PRISCILLA

# "THE FRENCH PRAISE



S.A.I. Princess Thérèse de Orléans e Bragança with the Swedish Minister, M. Kumlin, at the British Ambassador's table



Lady Gainer, who with her husband, the British Ambassador, gave the dinner, talking to S.A.I. Principe Dom Pedro



Senhorita Flora de Morgan Snell, Mr. Norman Hartnell, Lady Linlithgow, S.A.I. Principe Dom Pedro and Lady Gainer

**A GALA DESFILÉ.** The smartest event of the Rio de Janeiro season this year was a Gala Desfilé in the Golden Room of the Copacabana Palace Hotel, at which were presented a collection of Hartnell models. The British Ambassador to Brazil and Lady Gainer gave a dinner in the Golden Room in honour of this occasion. Their guests included SS.AA.II. Dom Pedro and Dona Esperanza de Orléans e Bragança, Senhor Joaquim Souza Leão, Lady Templewood, Lord and Lady Linlithgow, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Kumlin, Col. Rhodes, Senhorita Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, Senhorita Flora de Morgan Snell, Mr. Norman Hartnell, Mr. and Mrs. R. Nesbitt, Mrs. Verna Welsby, Capt. G. Micheson, Mr. A. Duncan and Mrs. J. H. Innis.

THE chief worry at the moment is the bad news about the food shortage in England. Now that the French housewife can fill all the members of her family with as much fruit and vegetables (which are now "free") and *charcuterie* (which almost is!) as their little tum-tums can contain, she has time to drop a tear over the woes of others!

"But it would be atrocious," I heard one good soul exclaim as she boarded the Métro at the Halles Station, "if those brave Anglais had to go as short as we did as well as having all been blown out of their homes!" "In effect, you have reason, Madame," answered her crony; "all the more so that if they had not been so generous in sending us parcels, perhaps they would not now be short themselves!"

I was obliged to move towards the exit preparatory to the struggle at the next station and I did not hear the rest of the conversation, but I went on my way rejoicing, for, after all, though this may be a rather simple explanation of the food shortage, it is also a very charming and grateful one, and one that few people would have thought of only a couple of months ago! Yes! Definitely "*ça tourne plus rond*"! It is just possible that my optimism is due to the fact that I am writing this from the Farm-on-the-Island, where everything is peace and joy and beauty. The scent of the pine-woods which slope down to the silver sands is indescribable bliss after the ever-increasing stench of black-market-petrol-in-town and black-market-humanity-in-the-Métro.

THE "Grande Saison Artistique de Paris" has got me down—down to the Farm. I felt I couldn't stand another picture-show, whether one-man or whole-menagerie; another party, another dance, another gala or another anything! Always the same crowd, the same chatter. Only one outstanding *première*, Jean Cocteau's ballet at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, danced by Nathalie Philippart and Jean Babilée, "accompanied" (I quote from the blurb) by the music of J. S. Bach! (I ask you!) Strange but interesting creation. Jean at his most Cocteau. An amazing mixture of Grand Guignol (Babilée hangs himself with a good hempen rope), a Drury Lane transformation scene (ah, the thrill of it when the back wall of a dull garret opens and the roofs of Paris, with Sacré Cœur and illuminated Eiffel Tower all complete, are seen), and a music-hall, krazy-kitchen, krockery-smashing, juggling act! Stormy affair altogether.

The audience—a particularly brilliant gathering, with the British element in evening dress and the French *zazous* in plus-fours and pull-overs—it used to be the other way round in the dear, dull days of yore—raised merry Hades because the curtain went up twenty minutes late and the intervals were interminable. However, like the curate's ancient egg, "parts were excellent," loud applause rewarded the dancing of la Philippart and le Babilée in *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*—for this is the title of the ballet—and masses of flowers were brought and hurled on to the stage, while a forgiving and forgetting audience, indifferent to the danger of missing its last Métro, stood on its hind legs and cheered!

A COCKTAIL PARTY I enjoyed was one given by the Jan de Beauforts at their lovely flat in the Cité du Retiro, that strange little,



# SAYS— HOUSEWIVES US . . . ”

semi-hidden city-within-a-city that is to be found, when determinedly searched for, within a stone-throw of the Madeleine. One of the entrances is in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas. An old, somewhat rusty gate suddenly yawns with a broken-toothed grin between a restaurant where the food is divine and a bar where the drinks make one see the world *couleur de rose*. . . . Within the gates strange buildings giving the impression of factory-yard shacks and debased any-old-period! Ramshackle stairs, badly in need of paint, climb tortuously up . . . a winding passage, and then, incredibly, a beautiful door opening on pale-golden, spring-green tinted walls. Pretty women, interesting men, amongst them Ronald Mathews and his lovely blonde Russian wife. M. and Mme. Jan de Beaufort are Dutch; they belong to an old Huguenot family that emigrated to Holland in the seventeenth century.

M. DE BEAUFORT *père* is one of the directors of the Netherlands Bank. He resigned his post during the occupation of Holland, but when the Germans were obliged to retreat he walked forty miles, from his home in the country to Amsterdam, with only a small piece of bread to sustain him on the way. He turned out the Nazi officials, and when the liberators arrived he was there, on the threshold of the bank, to greet them. When one remembers that the Dutch suffered greater starvation than did any other European country, one realises what a feat this was for an elderly man.

Mme. Jan de Beaufort, young, dark and extremely *chic*, has a flair for interior decoration, as her flat testifies. She has painted some lovely screens; two stand in her salon, others were exhibited at the Exposition des Femmes Peintres and at Colcombet's, in the Place Vendôme. Her successful novel, *Micheline dans la Neige*, will be followed this autumn by *Au Temps des Tulipes*.

And some day I shall write a *roman vécu*: *The Story of the Farm*. Meanwhile, only a few words have slipped off my pen about it in this letter! It is said that "great sorrows are voiceless"! What about great joys? When I wake to the sound of the waves and the sun darts its golden bars of light through the heart-shaped apertures of the wooden shutters, my heart stands still with joy and happiness makes me as bashful as a young girl with her first lover. But tush, tush! *Je radote!* By next week I shall be acclimatised, and all the gossip—there is plenty—shall be told.

## Voilà!

① Visitors to France who rejoice to see that the wonderful Cathedral of Chartres has not suffered too badly at the hands of the vandals may be amused by this poser—that is not a poser to most! "Who is the eminent authoress who has been nicknamed *La Cathédrale de Sartres?*" while lovers of Stendhal will not take it amiss, one trusts if they hear that the same lady is also known as *La Grande Sartreuse*."



Baron

YVETTE CHAUVIRÉ is currently the Prima Ballerina of the new Ballet de Monte Carlo. She was formerly the first Ballerina of the Opera de Paris, but left to join Serge Lifar. Chauviré is a tremendous worker, having been through every stage in the choreographic hierarchy of ballet in ten years. She became *Première Danseuse*, and subsequently *Première Étoile*, which is the equivalent of Prima Ballerina.

She was the pupil of M. Zambelli and Mme. Couate, and subsequently of Serge Lifar. Her main regret is that ballet dancing gives her no time to devote to painting, for she is an artist of considerable talent.

Her favourite role has always been that of Giselle, which she will be seen dancing shortly in London. It will be interesting to compare her rendering of this difficult and exacting role with that of the recent brilliant performance given by Margot Fonteyn.



Watching a race: The Rev. P. C. Underhill, Mrs. John Wormald, Miss Patricia Wormald and Mrs. Robert Hindle



Mr. Filtenborg (right), President of the [unclear]

## HENLEY'S ROYAL REGATTA AGAIN: BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE

THE four-day Royal Regatta at Henley, resuming after seven years of war, was a brilliant success. The Committee, not content with just carrying on from where they left off, had introduced several new features, chief of which was the Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup for Public School Eights, which was won by Bedford. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth herself visited Henley to see the final of this race, thus carrying on a tradition of Royal association with the Regatta.

Other innovations by the Committee were the installation of amplifiers in the Enclosure and the holding of a river concert, both of which were greatly appreciated by regatta-goers. The racing was first class, and although the famous Diamond Sculls still elude the grasp of British oarsmen, Leander Club's feat in beating the Swiss See Club in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup was a bright augury for the future.



The fashions were gay, audacious and worn with a confident swing





Rowing Association, with friends

Miss Diana Rhoden and Lady and Sir Giles Loder were also among the spectators



A finish seen from the air: Eton beating Clare (Cambridge) in a heat of the Ladies' Plate

## Wedding of Miss Paula Follett



The bride's father (middle foreground) leads the toast to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron at the reception



Mr. Charles Follett, Mrs. Greenish, the Countess of Warwick, Lord Selsdon and Mrs. Follett

The wedding took place recently at St. Mary's, Denham Village, Bucks., of Mr. Tom Alexander Cameron and Miss Paula Follett, daughter of Mr. Charles Follett, the racing motorist, and Mrs. Follett. Many well-known personalities connected with the motoring world were present at the reception, which was held in the picturesque, half-timbered Old Barn, Denham Green Lane, formerly the home of Robert Donat



"We're thinking of writing to the Sunday papers about him"

WE asked a suave, non-committal diplomat about those scenes of "squalor, disorder, overcrowding, and gloom" at the Foreign Office which have been appalling *Times* readers. He said half the deplorable truth hasn't been told.

Amid dirt, cobwebs, uproar, confusion, and despair (this chap said), fowls nest in morocco despatch-boxes and bush-turkeys roost on precious ormolu clocks and elaborate Baroque escritoirs of malachite and gold. From broken Palladian casements leer impudent, half-dressed slatterns of the Secret Service, whose quarrels on the Grand Staircase lead frequently to what the Quai d'Orsay calls a *crépape de chignons*. No *démarche* is possible without raising clouds of acrid dust and stampeding hordes of rats, mice, and spiders. The tiniest *ballon d'essai* cannot be sent up without scattering swarms of ragged barefoot diplomats from sleep, pitch-and-toss, or the gnawing of nameless offal. The Gallery of Mirrors (this chap added) is now a big gypsy camp where bloody tribal battles take place daily and hedgehogs are roasted in clay on marble floors, amid rude Roman songs.

### Furthermore . . .

IN the historic basements, where Pitt and Fox were once laid side by side, each with a skinful of Bellamy's port, lean swine root languidly among the mouldering heaps of discarded *pourparlers* and *démentis*. Beggars line all the corridors, showing their sores and cursing. The scene, in fact (this diplomat-chap said) is a mixture of Breughel, Hieronymus, Bosch, Hogarth, Goya, and Rops.

If Auntie *Times* knew this her false corkscrew curls would drop off, we thought sympathetically. Poor old besom. Poor old pink (something) besom.

### Bird

IF a London tradesman deliberately sells you bad merchandise you can (or could, till the Utopian State was born) call at his shop and hiss him loudly. If a London theatre-management deliberately sells you bad merchandise and you hiss, you will be immediately thrown out on your fanny and heavily fined.

A drama-loving chap meditating in a weekly paper on this ridiculous anomaly gave it up, though there exist at least three classic and tested ways of demonstrating sorrow, pain, and disapproval. The Chevalier de la Morlière, a noted 18th-century Parisian bully, minor playwright, and self-elected censor, patented the first one, which is to begin yawning, quietly but enormously, till the entire audience is gaping

## D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

with you despite itself and the actors themselves succumb. The second, employed by a rival against La Morlière himself, is to pay a *claque* to applaud every alternate line of the play heartily from beginning to end. The third, often practised to-day in New York, is to walk out halfway through a scene, followed by a steady and increasing stream.

Two of these methods are within the Law. All three are rough on the actors, but it's admittedly difficult to fix the ultimate individual responsibility for a bad play. Perhaps a few hearty kicks in the pants for the author and Press-agent, when caught, would be reasonable enough? Write to your M.P. about it, if he can read.

### Lavender

ALL things (as the Oracle of the Bottle pointed out to Panurge) move towards their end. Pondering which sad truth we have reluctantly discarded a bit of arch, fragrant whimsy we had thought of handing you apropos the recent bequest of Bath's last licensed bath-chair to the city museum.

Being just old enough to remember, from our golden Edwardian infancy, the battalions of old ladies and retired generals being wheeled about Bath, we can state that it was no ignoble sight. Bath-chair occupants in King Edward's day were what the Ulster boys would call civil wee fellas, and rarely broke into those blasphemies and cruelties which disfigure the Bath episodes in Jane Austen's works. Moreover they seemed, for the most part, strictly sober, having nothing under hatches but the daily chalybeate cargo from the Pump Room. The gentle rebuke, "Pray, Rapson, moderate your excessive velocity" was the only crack at a speed-crazed chairman for exceeding 500 yards-per-hour we ever personally heard. The timid, sweet old lady in the bath-chair was in mauve, we remember, with lace fittings. She may of course have been a devil at home.

Compare the frightful outdoor scenes in *Pride and Prejudice*: Mr. Darcy leaning stiffly from his chair in Milsom Street to sock Mrs. Bennet with a bootjack, Miss Elizabeth letting loose hell-on-wheels in the Parade, Lady Caroline hitting her chairman for six with an ivory back-scratcher outside the Roman Bath. Raw times. One is truly surprised to find that so many dainty modern prigs are Austen-fans.

### Milestone

SCOTLAND YARD nowadays, we note from a recent Press photograph of a midnight conference, is baffled bareheaded or in soft hats,



"I'm terribly interested in law—is there a book or something you could recommend?"





Lady Selsdon and Col. Stewart Evans were also present at the reception



The Hon. Dennis G. Berry, second son of Lord Kemsley, and Mr. Douglas Clease



Capt. Archie Frazer-Nash, Sir Algernon Guinness and Major F. E. Clifford, with Lady Guinness and Mrs. Clifford

## Standing By ...

not one of them smirking in the consecrated Yard bowler.

Undoubtedly a milestone. In the days of Inspector Bucket (*Bleak House*) and Inspector Cuff (*The Moonstone*), all British professional sleuths were baffled either in uniform or in the quaint but decorative topper of the 1850's. By the time (1890) of Inspector Lestrade, Sherlock Holmes's fall-guy, the Yard was already beginning to face defeat in bowlers. Not without misgivings, we guess. Doubtless the Commissioner glanced round from his papers more than once, with pain and loathing in his keen grey eyes.

"What cads you all look! Lestrade!"

"Sir?"

"Those hats. Like a conference of glandered apes."

(Here a foppish young detective with a brilliantined moustache tosses his head petulantly and speaks up.)

"Sir, we were given to understand by a very nice gentleman at Scott's that the bowler is exquisitely modish, and indeed the ideal headgear for a frustrated Nordic."

(Here a rugged detective with a homely puss speaks up hoarsely.)

"Sir, Queenie is right! I have never before been so consummately mystified, even in a gent's boater."

So with a shrug and a final insult ("You look like a blasted lot of registered readers of the *Daily Snoop!*") the Commissioner continues with the third presumed bloodstain on the alleged Yale key. In 1946 Yard bowlers are apparently out. Our deduction is that to get into a good quandary you don't necessarily have to look obscene.

### Festa

MEDITATING in a refined journal, a thinker observed that on occasions of national rejoicing the Island Race never breaks into spontaneous dancing in the public streets, like the frivolous Celts and Latins.

He forgot one historic occasion. The reign was Victoria's, the place the dream-city of Manchester. Except for smoke, fog and heavy rain, the day was fair. Towards noon a colourful group of citizens—gypsies, soldiers, flower-girls, gambling-hell touts, Liberal economists, and so forth—lounging as usual outside *El Guardian* office in the Calle de la Cruz, the hub of Manchester's Triana or Gypsy Quarter, saw the Corregidor (or Recorder) of the City reining in his fiery Arab stallion, superb in black-and-gold and attended by a dozen prancing alguazils. Unrolling a parchment scroll, the Corregidor cried in a loud voice the following proclamation:

Citizens! Gypsies! Economists, Liberals, Thugs, and General Riffraff!

Unexpected glory has visited our lovely City! Henceforth the name of Manchester will ring in the ears of the civilised ages more splendid than ever before!

You are ordered to observe this day as a festa of the most extravagant description.

Citizens of Manchester!

James Evershed Agate was born this morning, and has already started laying down the law. Viva el Rey!

Headed by a slim, wayward, greeneyed mopsy called La Tigrilla (Little Tigress), then editing *El Guardian* with typical gypsy insolence, the entire city broke into a wild farruca, joined in by several J.P.s and thousands of leading cotton-brokers and lasting till dawn of next day. These facts concerning the birthday of our illustrious but modest patron and mentor are often forgotten. It is well to recall them in an age which has mislaid the simple joys of its fathers. Olé! (twice).

### Jape

A CRITIC alleging that Russians have little or no sense of humour should have witnessed a jovial scene described to us by a military friend who recently visited one of the Russian zones in Europe.

As a lorryload of singing Russian soldiers was bumping along a busy main street one of them fell off, dead drunk. The lorry pulled up and his comrades jumped out, draped him carefully across the tramlines, and proceeded on their way, roaring at a joke good enough, as we say, for *Punch*. Soon a tram came along. The driver, jamming on his brakes, dragged the body clear with irritated oaths, and the tram went on. A few moments later another Russian lorry full of soldiers came along. It took but a moment for the cheery warriors to place their fallen comrade neatly across the tramlines once more, and to a merry singing the lorry roared on. Whether the drunk was ultimately cut to pieces or merely injured for life our friend did not stay to observe. The screams would have been fun.

### Footnote

A Milder piece of Muscovite persiflage we can think of is Gogol's picaresque novel *Dead Souls*, which has caused some of Gogol's fans to compare him to Dickens. Kipling is nearer, in our unfortunate view, the joke being rather small—it involves the sale of a number of imaginary "souls," or serfs—and the laughter very loud. However, it's a joke all right, as any West End clubman would admit, after careful explanation.



"Bump the green one, Perkins"



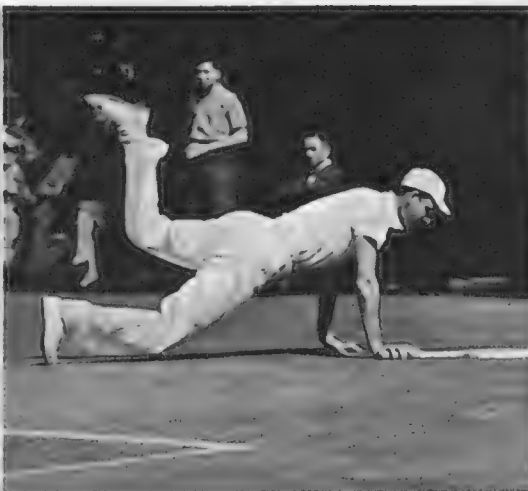
"Damn it! I said, 'Bring me a large Beaune'"

# Petra the Panther: Studies in Grace

AFTER one of the most tense and exciting finals ever seen at Wimbledon, Y. Petra (France) won the Men's Singles Championship against G. E. Brown (Australia). The photographs show Petra in action during the match.

Other results in a Wimbledon fully worthy of pre-war days were: Women's Singles, Miss P.

Betz (U.S.A.) beat Miss L. Brough (U.S.A.); Doubles, J. Kramer and T. Brown (America) beat D. R. Pails and G. E. Brown (Australia); Women's Doubles, Miss L. Brough and Miss M. E. Osborne (U.S.A.) beat Miss P. Betz and Miss D. Hart (U.S.A.); Mixed Doubles, T. Brown and Miss L. Brough (U.S.A.) beat G. E. Brown (Australia) and Miss D. Bundy (U.S.A.)





# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

## In the Stratosphere?

**M**R. J. E. FERGUSON, to whom my own personal felicitations, in addition to the thousands of others which he has received, has not yet changed the name of his stout-hearted grey colt to Jet Propelled, but I am momentarily expecting the announcement. The bookmakers appear to have already done it for him, since, immediately after Airborne had won the Princess of Wales's Stakes, his price for the Leger contracted from 7 to 1 to 3 to 1; 7 to 2 in some places.

This was not panic, but money, and who now dare say that the price is not a good one? It is probable that Airborne will not run again before the Leger. Why should he? They know all that they can possibly want to know. He has set the seal on the Derby form, and he won this race at Newmarket exactly as he did the one at Epsom—namely, by that long swoop at speed in the last two furlongs. He swamped Paper Weight and Royal Commission exactly as he swamped two much better horses, Gulf Stream and Radiotherapy in the Derby. It looks, therefore, as if it were only necessary for Dick Perryman to send him out fit and well at Doncaster, where all who admire a plucky sportsman and a good horse will be anxious and ready to cheer him home.

There is not much to add in the way of comment on this Princess of Wales's Stakes, excepting this, that Royal Commission ought to have been the runner-up. This colt is engaged in the Leger, but so far I have not seen him awarded a better figure than 66 to 1. He might quite easily be a nice place bet, no matter what some people may think of Paper Weight, and, personally, I agree with much that has been said. The distance at Newmarket was just about a furlong too far for Priam II., and he never looked like an odds-on chance.

## An Eton and Harrowing Tale

**T**HE warning to the public to bring its own snacks to the Varsity and Eton and Harrow matches, coming on top of what we are told about our bread, serves to emphasise the sombre hue of our times. I fancy it may have hit the patrons of the latter event more shrewdly than it did those of the former, because quite a few of them never have cared a tinker's malediction about the cricket, and never even knew a long hop from a full toss, merely going to the jollification for the cold salmon, the lobsters and the chicken and ham, to say nothing of the champagne cup with strawberries in it. It makes the heart bleed even to write of these things. However, we are by now so inured to being told either that there is a war on or a peace on, that I suppose no one really minded. They seemed quite unperturbed.

Pursuing this particular austerity fox, I suppose no one even saw that chap in the six-pennies with everything turned up that would turn up, and, equally, everything turned down that would turn down, his brightly polished nose shining merrily withal in the summer sun, who, when accosted by the inevitable and inquisitive Oyke, with "Eton?" said, rather snappishly, "No, drinkin'," making certain that the man meant his nose.

Also, I fear, the Eton mother who always chirruped: "Hurrah, hurrah, Eton!" whenever she saw two Harrow batsmen running about between those two lots of sticks, is only a beautiful memory. She imagined that it was the big idea to tire those Harrow boys out; so that they could not even crawl back to the pavilion on all



*Joint-M.F.H. of the Tipperary: Mrs. S. Masters*

*Mrs. S. Masters, who is Joint-M.F.H. of the Tipperary and hunts three days a week, is being presented by the Hunt with the portrait of herself in oils, reproduced above, by Nina Colmore. Mrs. Masters is not retiring, and the gift is a mark of appreciation after holding the post of Joint-Master for eleven seasons. The horse is a brilliant hunter named Dunstan, and the hounds are Dragon (1942), right; and the bitches Hearty (1940), foreground; and Greatness (1942), background*

fours. Modern Eton and Harrow mothers know a sight more about cricket than even Walter Hammond, also they never yell "Hurrah"—that would not be quite genteel.

The present Sir Gorgius Midas and Lady of course were there, and were probably more enthusiastic than their prototypes, who, as may be recalled, had such a brainstorm over the decision as to which of the two schools young Herbert should go. Spinning a coin was considered vulgar; so, finally, Sir Gorgius said: "Ma, we'll put 'is name down for both, and then when the time comes, see which 'as the most lords." However, whatever way it was, the old needle spirit was there, mirrored in those moments when it was "Harrow 40 runs on and Eton with only one wicket in hand," or, even worse, that blood-curdling suspense of Fowler's Match, when the son of the Master of the Meath skittled Harrow out when, as it seemed, they could not possibly lose. H.E. the Viscount Alexander will well remember that match, for he was one of the last two Harrow wickets. Anyway, my money was safe enough, for on the Winchester form I backed Eton—each way.

## A Tipperary Celebrity

**T**HE quite beautiful presentation portrait of Mrs. Masters, Joint Master of the Tipperary, which appears on this page, was painted by Mrs. Horace Colmore, who is in a class by herself as a horse-portrait artist. Many perhaps will have seen Mrs. Colmore's picture of The Tetrarch painted a few years before he died at Major Dermot McCalmont's stud at Mount Juliet, in Kilkenny, and likewise her pictures of many other horses belonging to the same owner. The same high quality of art infects all Mrs. Colmore's work. Mrs. Masters' portrait is being presented by the Hunt, on July 18th, as a mark of appreciation and esteem. Besides her achievements as a lady Master and huntsman, Mrs. Masters is very famous in the Irish point-to-point world, for she has ridden over 100 winners against all comers, it not being the custom in Ireland to have special races for women. To have accomplished this means something, for they don't breed bad horsemen in the Evergreen Isle! Tipperary is a grand

place for anyone who wants to see a hunt and have a man-sized ride—all grass, no wire, Irish banks and ditches and Irish walls. What more could anyone be "after" wanting, with a first-class pack of hounds thrown in and lashings of foxes? The dog hound and the two bitches in the picture are quite typical of what they keep at the kennels at Tullamaine.

Incidentally, Mrs. Colmore and her sister, Lady Brocklehurst, were each awarded the M.B.E. for war services in the campaigns in North Africa and Italy. They were with the Y.M.C.A. right up in the line all the time with the Eighth Army and the gallant Fourth Indian Division.

## The Lottery of Breeding

**O**UR recent setbacks at Ascot have not unnaturally set all the experts talking nineteen to the dozen; and this may be a very good thing if, as seems very probable, we have got into any kind of rut. Bloodstock breeding is a lottery, however much care is exercised. Horse-breeders are at a disadvantage with hound-breeders, because they have to wait so much longer before they can see the results. The period of gestation in a mare is eleven months, in a bitch only nine weeks. The sovereign rule in any system should, of course, be: "By their deeds ye shall know them!" and in this connection I recall what Lord Dorchester said regarding some notes which I had the honour to write about the Brocklesby Hounds and their famous dog Aimwell, who was not only a foxhound in looks, with all the quarterings in the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book in his pedigree, but a real *veneur* in the field.

Lord Dorchester's contention was that no hound should be given the championship honour at Peterborough, no matter how good he looked on the flags, or however distinguished his lineage, unless he had proved himself a fox-hunter. A counsel of perfection in theory, but a bit difficult in practice, because the judges could not know unless they had seen him in his work. Both the French and Bruce-Lowe, I am sure, were groping after the same thing where the race-horse is concerned.

# ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK

"The Cruise of 'The Breadwinner'"

"China Servant"

## Staying the Course

"THE CRUISE OF 'THE BREADWINNER'" (Michael Joseph; 5s.) is a tale of the sea in wartime, by H. E. Bates. This author's famous *Fair Stood the Wind for France* was, you will remember, a full-length novel; this his latest book—the pages number not more than sixty-three—is a long short story. Myself, I consider it the better book of the two—in fact, I should call it a masterpiece.

Mr. Bates is a writer from whom, as we first knew him, all kinds of belligerence would have seemed remote. One associated him with the delineation of sensitive, curious, hyper-civilian characters, framed in the unchangeability of peacetime; set, often, in scenes of whose quiet poetry nothing escaped their creator's pen. Inner violences, those of the brain or heart, did loom large in many pre-war Bates stories—physical violences (though these broke out, sometimes) seemed out of place.

Then came 1939. Mr. Bates would seem to me an example of a writer who, having always kept his technique supple, has been able to "take" anything. Writers who had allowed their technique to set, whose imaginations could only function on accustomed, safe and familiar ground, were, in many cases, devastated; silenced by the war; 1939-1944 proved a great sifter-out of literary reputations: Mr. Bates's, triumphantly, has not only survived, but increased. It is now known that, as "Flying Officer X," he had a second, or double, incarnation during the war years. Two "Flying Officer X" books came from his pen. He placed his powers at the service of his country—and, rightly, the life he lived with the R.A.F., the active human experience he linked up with, and the contacts he must have had with men in the other Services, have been of incalculable value to his art. Now, as the world switches over to peace again, one cannot doubt he will continue to stay the course.

## Boy's-Eye View

"THE CRUISE OF 'THE BREADWINNER'" is a boy's-eye view of a violent incident at sea. "The Breadwinner"—one of those small lugsail fishing boats that in peacetime lie up the mud reaches of southern rivers, going out on one tide and in on the next, indistinguishable from hundreds of her kind—is on patrol duty in the Channel. On the first page, we watch her clear the estuary. She carries a Lewis gun (not, so far, fired since World War I.). She has one ancient, defective, 18-h.p. engine. On board are three men—Gregson, her massive, roaring, 18-stone skipper (in whose paunch the wheel forever embeds itself); Jimmy, the sour-faced engineer-gunner (black with doubts of the engine, longing to fire the gun); and Snowy, the tow-haired seventeen-year-old boy—him whom we first meet "bouncing on deck like a blonde and excited rabbit bouncing out of a hole."

Snowy's duties range from tea-making in the galley to look-out for aircraft. Hyper-acute sight and hearing make him the ideal spotter: in the recognition of types of planes, our own or enemy, he is infallible. Snowy, fed on great stories, envious of friends who, barely older than he, are already war-hardened men, is spoiling for action. Snowy's and Gregson's attitudes to each other are clear from their very first interchange:

All day he [Gregson] bawled blasting conversation into the hatch below.

"Gittin' that tea ready, Snowy?"

"Yeh!" The boy's voice from below was drawled out, and sometimes, when surprised, squeaky because it had not fully broken.

"Well, then, git it ready."

"Yeh!"

"Yeh, what? What did I tell you?"

"I dunno."

"You dunno, eh? Well, I'll bleedin' make

you know. Ain't I allus told you to call the skipper, mister? Ain't that what I told you? Ain't it?"

"Yeh."

"Yeh, what?"

"Yeh, mister—"

"It don't matter now! Too late! Git that tea!"

This day, this particular cruise of "The Breadwinner" is to prove eventful—sublimely, horribly, tragically so. First, after a burst of firing out at sea, there is the, for Snowy, dazzling episode of the sighting and taking aboard "The Breadwinner" of a young R.A.F. pilot, baled out, afloat in a rubber dinghy. "As the dinghy came nearer, finally bumping softly against the boat side, the boy remained motionless, held in speechless fascination by the figure in the flying jacket. It grinned up at him with a sublime youthfulness that, to the boy, seemed heroically mature." . . . Then, the R.A.F. pilot is concerned as to the whereabouts of the enemy pilot he has been chasing.

"I'd like to see what he's like. God, he was brave."

"You think you hit him?" Gregson said.

"I know I hit him."

"Then that 's bleedin' good enough, ain't it? . . . Snowy, git us all another cuppa tea!"

## The Return

SNOWY'S unwilling descent to the galley, and tea-making there, prevents him seeing his hero's rescue of the Messerschmitt pilot. But, also, it probably saves his life—while Snowy is below, an enemy plane, diving, rakes "The Breadwinner's" deck with machine-gun fire. The boy comes back to a scene of horror—to the unrecognisable remains of one man he has known, to the agonising bodies of two others. The impact of all this on a childish mind, the small queer things Snowy does under the influence of shock, are realistically given by Mr. Bates. Through Snowy's eyes we are made to see the bewildering meaninglessness of war.

It may be felt that the later passages of the story are too painful. At the same time, they are the most august. Of the scene between the only half-comprehending boy and the dying pilot I can only say, that had it been less austere written it would have been sacrilege to have written it at all. Mr. Bates's accounts of physical agony in *Fair Stood the Wind for France* have probably not been forgotten: they are exceeded here. *The Cruise of 'The Breadwinner'* is certainly not a book for every reader. At the same time, running through it, there is a breath of youth and indomitableness: for one boy, this has been a great, if terrible, day. The final paragraph, in which Gregson and Snowy, by this time deeply, silently drawn together, sail "The Breadwinner," that evening, back into the mouth of the estuary, is grand.

## The Brave and the Fair

"CHINA SERVANT" (Collins; 9s. 6d.) is a second exciting novel about the Chinese coast by C. S. Archer, author of *Hankow Return*. The longish interval between his two books has an excellent reason: since 1940 Mr. Archer has been serving with the R.A.F. Up to the war he had, since 1926, been working with the Chinese Maritime Customs. From his own experience, he has drawn the material for his well-packed novels—and he knows how to give it light and attractive form. Like his own hero, Peter Yule (of *China Servant*), he would appear to have had his share of movement and risk: Mr. Archer worked on night patrols during the Sino-Japanese war, in danger—along the coast and at sea—of pirates and the Japanese.

Indeed, *China Servant* suffers a little from a defect that is always likely when a novelist knows his background from A to Z—he forgets the possible ignorance of outsiders. I can see



John Burke (above), who also won the championship when it was last played in 1939, waiting to drive off. Below, Cecil Ewing driving down the fairway. Both are Irish Internationals and Walker Cup players



Fennell, Dublin

## THE NEW IRISH NATIVE CHAMPION

The Irish Native Amateur Championship, played at Dollymount, near Dublin, was won by John Burke (Co. Clare), who beat Cecil Ewing (Co. Sligo) by 2 and 1 over thirty-six holes in the final



## REVIEWS

## THE NEW BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPION

## "Detour"

that Mr. Archer did not want to clog his quick-moving plot with overmuch explanation—there were times, however, when I, for one, could have done with a note. I did not find it easy to grasp the lay-out as I went along. I was aware of an ugly racket (conducted by one Chang, with big money behind him) which Peter Yule, unassisted, is attempting to break. I was aware of the case for the junk traders—small, decent men, plying a traditional trade. I was aware of a sad amount of corruption—or, at any rate, of cynical connivance at corruption—among Europeans who should have been above reproach.

Perhaps I was too much amused by the dialogue for its own sake: so sprightly was it that I sometimes lost its thread. The characters, also, are attractive—the men (at least some) are brave, and the women fair. The sex interest in *China Servant* is strong. Mrs. van Loon, that unusual missionary's wife, is one of those popular characters in fiction, a bad hat with a heart of gold.

## Here and There

MOST of the action of *China Servant* takes place either at Canton or Hong Kong, with scenes on river steamers, at remote up-coast stations, etc. The social scene (this is 1938) is eminently, and infectiously, gay. We have, for instance, two balls, a race meeting, a picnic from a launch and a somewhat overpowering Chinese dinner. However, the more strenuous side of Peter Yule's work for China is not under-drawn—his interviews with inscrutable Orientals, his keeping taped of intrigue and counter-intrigue, his coping with the crises of an official day.

Peter Yule, owing to his high spirits, appears to be more irresponsible than he is: in fact, so embarrassing becomes Peter's zeal that his superiors—the cynical Tony Tribe and peace-loving Archie Gordon—wish from time to time that he had never been born. Out-and-out irresponsibility, however, is the prevailing note of Peter's love-life: while ever more attracted to Primrose Gartrell, daughter of the British Consul-General, he fails to disengage himself from Mrs. van Loon. . . . *China Servant* is to be recommended as entertaining, and not at all foolish, reading for those on holiday.

## Oflag IV C.

"DETOUR" (Falcon Press; 12s. 6d.; proceeds of sales to go to the Red Cross) is a book whose history is not less interesting than its contents. It is subtitled, "The Story of Oflag IV C." To this, the Germans' idea of an escape-proof camp, at Colditz, were sent the most incorrigible "escapers" out of all the prisoners of war from the Allied nations. Desperate types, from the enemy point of view. The prisoners were treated by the Germans as criminals; their guards exceeded them in number. Soldiers; sailors and airmen of Great Britain, the Dominions, the U.S.A., France, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Holland landed up here. An especially close and valuable camaraderie came into being.

In 1943 the International Y.M.C.A. sent to Canadians in Oflag IV C. a war diary, in which to write, sketch and paste photographs. Contributors not being limited to Canadians, the album became a main feature of Colditz life: the narratives assembled to make *Detour* were selected from over 100 originals in its pages. Brave men of many nationalities have written down—in clear, vivid, non-literary language—their personal experiences of war. Sometimes we have incidents in campaigns, sometimes capture, sometimes escape attempts—wire-cutting, train-jumping. The editor, J. E. R. Wood, M.C. (Royal Canadian Engineers), has done his work well; and *Detour* further gains by the excellent chalk drawings, portraits and otherwise, of Lt. J. F. Watton (Border Regiment). The contributors want proceeds to go to the Red Cross, in gratitude for those weekly parcels without which they could hardly have sustained life.



Sam Snead, of Virginia, U.S.A., won the British Open Golf Championship at St. Andrews with a total of 290 after a series of matches in which occurred remarkable changes of fortune and form. He was early distinguished as a formidable contender for the title, but it was not until the last round that he walked clear away from the runners-up, A. D. Locke (South Africa) and J. Bulla (U.S.A.), who finished with 294. Henry Cotton (R. Mid-Surrey), on whom Britain's chief hopes were centred, took 295, and R. Burton (Sale), who won the Championship in 1939, was seventh, with 302

# GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Chalkley — Gibson**

Capt. E. O. Chalkley, Royal Sussex Regiment, eldest son of Sir Owen and Lady Chalkley, of Bexhill-on-Sea, married Miss Marie Gibson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gibson, of Caterham. Above (l. to r.) the bridegroom's parents, bridesmaids Miss Gibson and Miss Glover, the bride and groom, Major Yeats (best man), and the bride's parents



**Low — Davison**

Dr. M. G. Low, former Surgeon-Commander, R.N.V.R., married Miss Stella Stewart Davison, W.R.N.S., twin daughter of the late Major D. S. Davison, D.S.O., and of Mrs. R. E. L. Davison, of Mileaway, Sandhurst, Surrey



**Henniker-Major — Stainton**

Mr. Richard A. O. Henniker-Major, younger son of the Hon. John and Mrs. Henniker-Major, of Red House, Thornton Magna, Eye, Suffolk, married Miss Nancy Pauline Stainton, elder daughter of Sir John and the Hon. Lady Stainton, of Thorne House, Henley-on-Thames



**Heywood — Kyffin**

Mr. Geoffrey Beresford Heywood, M.B.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Heywood, of Longframlington, Northumberland, married Mrs. Catherine Kyffin, widow of John Kyffin, R.N., and younger daughter of the late Major Richards, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Richards, of Dolgelley

(Our apologies to Mr. and Mrs. Heywood for erroneously inserting their names under a picture not of them in our issue of June 12th)



**Jameson — Lampson**

Mr. Geoffrey John Eustace Jameson, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. K. Eustace Jameson, of Heritage House, Warley, Essex, married the Hon. Margaret Miranda Lampson, younger daughter of Lord Killearn, and of the late Lady Lampson, at St. Luke's, Chelsea



**Greig — Horne**

Mr. David E. R. Greig, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Ross Greig, of Princes Court, Knightsbridge, married Miss Maureen Gill Horne, daughter of Mrs. Horne, of Egerton Garden Mews, Knightsbridge, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Pugh — Sadd**

Mr. Richard J. P. Pugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pugh, of Kenilworth, Warwickshire, married Miss Elizabeth M. Sadd, younger daughter of Sir Clarence and Lady Sadd, of Thorpe, Haywards Heath, Sussex, at Brompton Oratory



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# THIS YEAR

Louis London, famous designer of original sportswear, made the corded wool "Musketeers" (on the right) and the gaberdine playsuit (below) for the British fashion collection recently sent to South Africa and Australia by The International Wool Secretariat. The collection is having an unprecedented success wherever it is shown and will do much to stimulate world-wide interest in British manufacture and fashion design

Photographs by  
Peter Clark



# —NEXT YEAR

Both the playsuit and the gay "Musketeers" will be on sale in the home market in the near future, but don't be disappointed if they are not immediately available. Selfridges are big stockists of Louis London designs, and if they have not these particular garments in stock they may have others similar. The sandals worn above are by C. and J. Clark, and those on the left, which are made with the comfortable wedge heels, are by Dolcis

**Jean Lorimer's Page**





Don't waste a moment of precious sunshine, but have a care lest long exposure to wind and sun should dry your skin, give it a roughened, coarser look. Use Elizabeth Arden's refreshing preparations to help you keep cool and pretty while you tan easily, naturally, enjoying the glorious sun, looking and feeling a thousand times better for it.

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## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

### Stories from Everywhere

THE overnight millionaire wanted the best of everything. He went into a music shop and asked to see their most expensive violin for his son. The assistant brought out a beautiful Stradivarius, saying, "This is a 1748 Strad, priced at £20,000."

The millionaire hesitated a moment, then remarked: "You say it was made in 1748 and that it costs £20,000?"

"That's right."

"But tell me—is the company that made this fiddle still in business?"

"Of course not!" exclaimed the assistant in shocked tones.

"Then it's no good," said the rich man, definitely. "What would I do for spare parts?"

SHE was a lovely young bride, radiantly fair, dewy-eyed and as slender as a wand. She walked down the aisle, a picture of girlish innocence and simplicity on her father's arm.

As she reached the chancel steps her tiny feet brushed against a flower-pot, upsetting it. Silently she looked at the dirt, then raised her sweet childlike eyes to the old clergyman.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

ONCE upon a time two large turtles and one little one went to a bar to quench their thirst with a mug of sarsaparilla. As they began to drink, one of the large turtles commented that it was raining. After a lively discussion it was decided that the little turtle should go home for their umbrella. The little turtle demurred, afraid that if he went the big turtles would drink his sarsaparilla, but they convinced the little fellow that they wouldn't touch his drink, and he started after the umbrella.

Three weeks passed, and finally one of the big turtles said:

"Let's drink the little guy's sarsaparilla."

"I've been thinking the same thing," said the other. "So let's do it."

From down the end of the bar near the door a shrill voice cried: "If you do, I won't go after that umbrella."

"WHAT is your name, my sweet?" asked the cheeky diner of the pretty waitress.

"My name is Pearl, sir."

"Pearl! That is a pretty name, a very pretty name. Er—are you the pearl of great price?"

"Oh, no, sir. I am the pearl before swine!"

THE following two stories come from that saucy little book, *Laughs with the Lovelies*, compiled by S. Evelyn Thomas:

An American soldier, accompanied by a heavily-painted girl and obviously rather under the weather, entered a Piccadilly bar and asked the barmaid:

"Hi, toots, whadya reckermend fer a pick-up?"

The girl behind the bar took one look at his companion and then replied:

"Well, what does she usually take?"



Jean Colin has taken over the part originally played by Victoria Hopper in "The Shop at Sly Corner," at the St. Martin's Theatre. This is Miss Colin's first straight role, though she is well known in musical comedy and pantomime

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Patricia Roc, who is seen with Major Huskisson, M.C., on the balcony of the Simpson Services Club, has recently returned from Hollywood. Miss Roc is starring with Will Fyffe in a new picture called "The Brothers," now being made in Scotland

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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

WE venerate old timepieces and laugh at old motor cars. The old clock is an object of respect; the old creak of mirth. Yet they are both notable for the same thing; a large amount of handwork. And it is one of the paradoxes of the time that handwork carries an aura of quality rarely found in machine-made things, even when the machine-made things are finished to much finer limits.

I am sure that, when the celebrations of the motor industry's jubilee reach their climax on July 27 with a cavalcade representing fifty years of progress, the old cars will attract more attention than the new and also more mirth. Yet they ought to be recognized as fine feats of hand craftsmanship.

The cars and other motor vehicles, which will be reviewed by the King and Queen, will number 450, and will depict the progress made from 1896 to 1946. They will assemble in Regent's Park and will drive round London. On the evening before the cavalcade there is to be (John Strachey willing) a banquet at the Dorchester, and the famous veteran cars' run to Brighton is to be linked up with all the other celebrations. Mr. John Wilmot, the Minister of Supply, is going to open the new headquarters of the British motor industry, in Piccadilly, on July 18.

### Ideas First

MY views on exhibitions of this kind are fixed. I believe that they do much good provided that they contain matter of real interest. In other words the show that is nothing more than a show, and gives no information and presents no ideas, is worthless. But the show that condenses and displays facts and ideas attractively is a great stimulus.

The motor industry is urgently in need of such a stimulus. It is not only losing its nerve through frustration, but it is also showing signs of jumpiness at ill-informed criticisms. It is of the utmost importance to the country's future prosperity that the industry should regain its old confidence and its old exuberance, and these celebrations should assist in that direction. The Jubilee Committee of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders deserves congratulation for the work it has put in on the programme.

### Pressurization

GRADUALLY the public is beginning to realize that the provision of a really satisfactory pressurized cabin in an aircraft is more difficult than was thought. There have been technical hitches in so many aircraft with what are politely called pressurized cabins that some people have begun to wonder what has happened.

The fact seems to be that, as usual in matters aeronautical, the wish was father to the news story and the pressurized cabin, with temperature and humidity control, appeared in the papers long before it was practical. The consequence is that there is now some impatience when it is found that pressurization does not always work.

But the troubles are being dealt with and passengers on the long-distance routes ought to be able to enjoy the advantages of full pressurization with temperature and humidity control within three years from now as a regular thing. British engineers, by the way, are playing a big part in overcoming the existing pressurization troubles.

I would not like to say when the first aircraft with a pressurized cabin flew. It was a great many years before the recent war. The machine was a Farman designed for high-level research.

### Way for the Wayfarers

CHANNEL ISLANDS AIRWAYS tell me that the second prototype Bristol 170, "Wayfarer G-AGVB" (by the way I wonder how you can have a "second prototype") was delivered to them in June, twelve months after the company resumed post-war services. It is, they say, the first of Britain's post-war civil aircraft to go into regular service.

It is a thirty-four seater and has a crew consisting of the captain, co-pilot, radio officer and steward. It should prove a sound aircraft for these services.

Meanwhile I have just received a letter from a friend in Portugal praising highly the Vickers Viking that visited that country the other day. He tells me that the people there were much impressed and that the aircraft—in which he took a brief demonstration flight—came up to the expectations that had been aroused by the descriptions he had read of it.

### Atoms and the Air

SENIOR naval officers were quick to remark that the atom bomb trials at Bikini had shown that there was still a use for the battleship. My own impression of the Bikini experiment is that it was a piece of destruction which could not and has not taught us anything that could not have been known by indirect means.

People say that nothing of value was destroyed—apart of course from a few thousand birds and fish and other living things—and that may be true. But there was, nevertheless, destruction on a big scale. And to many of us destruction on a big scale seems tiresome.

It looks a little as if the atom bomb may in the end reduce the value of both naval and air forces and place a larger emphasis on land forces which would be able to some extent to provide themselves with protection. But up to now an aircraft has been needed to deliver the bomb.



F/O John Bagot Curtiss and Miss P. Drughorn Bowie who were married at St. Patrick's Church, Wallington, Surrey, recently. The bride is the eldest daughter of the late Edward John Bowie and Mrs. Bowie, of Wallington, and the granddaughter of the late Sir John Drughorn, of Ifield Hall, Sussex, and of Lady Drughorn, of Beckenham



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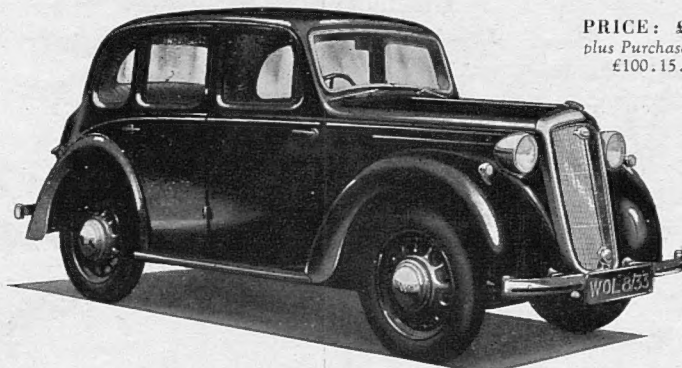
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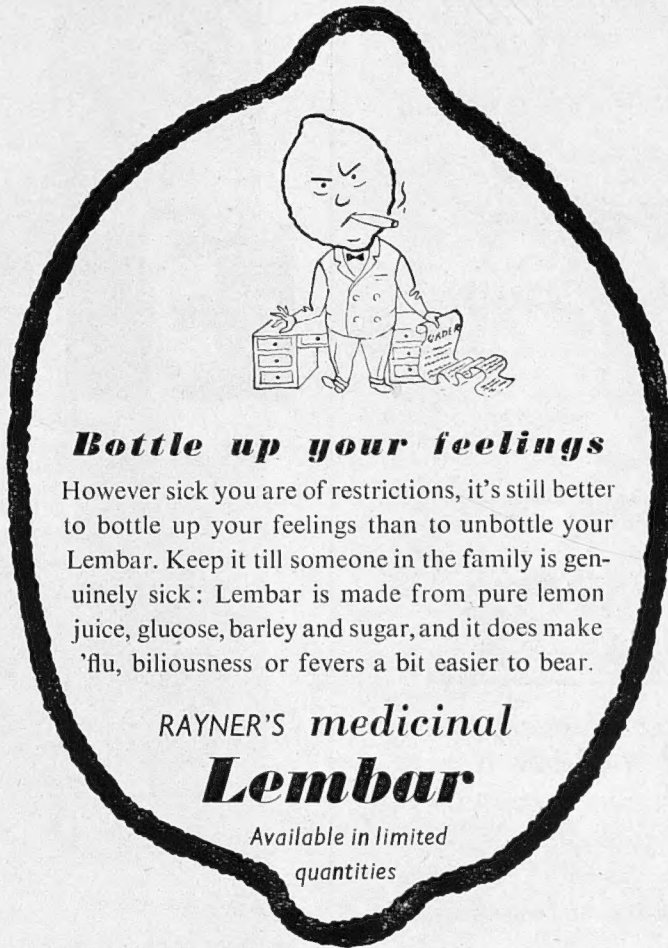
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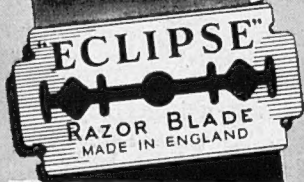
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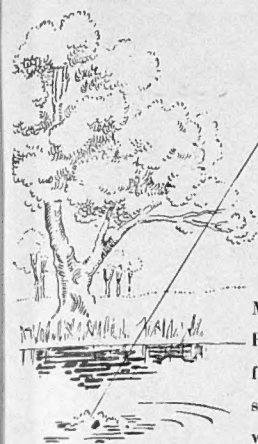


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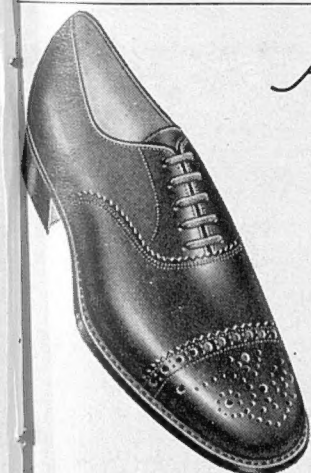
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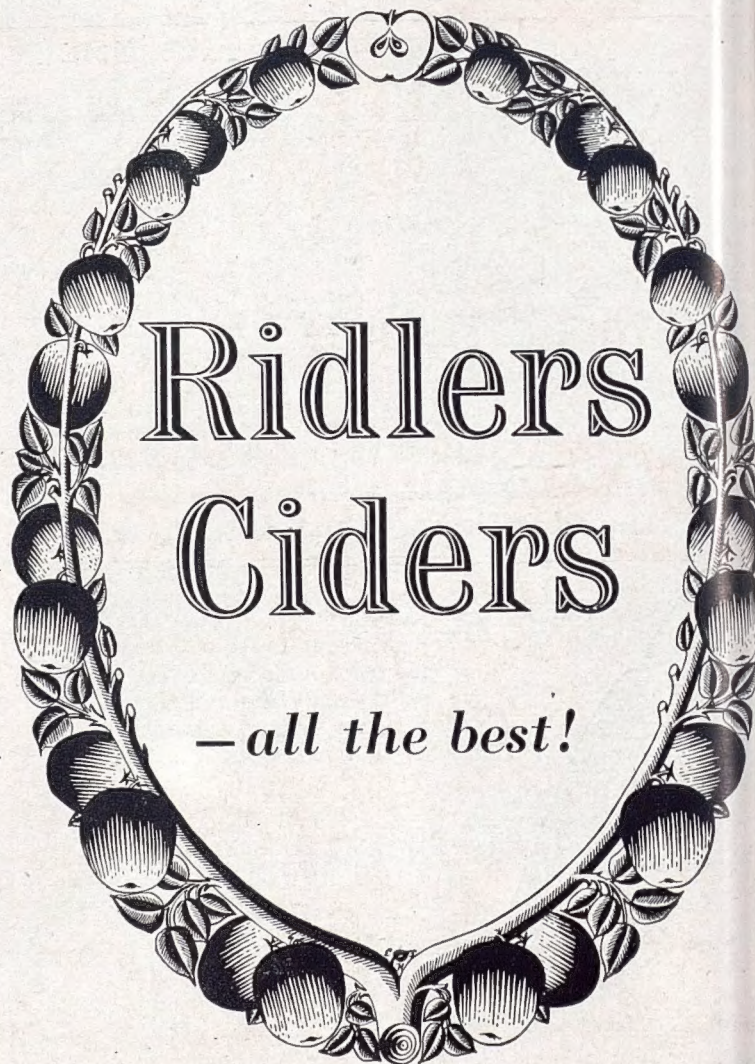
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